

Frankfort Patrolman AMOS "SLIM" HAMILTON

Murdered by Clyde Jones

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The Frankfort Morning Times - SUNDAY; October 13, 1929

**FRANKFORT POLICEMAN IS SLAIN IN GUN BATTLE WITH CLYDE JONES
AMOS "SLIM" HAMILTON IS VICTIM OF GUNMAN'S BULLET WHILE
ON DUTY**

Other Officers Join in the Shooting but Jones is Successful
in Making His Escape; Porter Barbee is Wounded

BATTLE FOLLOWS ARREST OF JONES IN LOCAL POOL ROOM

Barbee in Hospital With Bad Injury to His Right Leg; City All
Wrought Up With Excitement; Jones Believed to Have Escaped in
Stolen Car; Said to Have Fired Dumdum Bullets

Amos Hamilton, 34, night patrolman, went to his death at 7:45 o'clock last night in a gun fight on North Main street in which he, George Zook and Orville Green, brother officers, were pitted against Clyde Jones, 25, formerly of Goldsmith, wanted for questioning as to his alleged participation in recent filling station holdups. Hamilton fell dying to the sidewalk with a bullet in his brain as Zook and Green returned fire. Jones escaped and at an early hour this morning was still at liberty. Porter Barbee, residing in the Hoke addition, is in the hospital with a shattered right leg, struck by a bullet as he innocently walked into the range of Jones' gun.

Jones is said to weigh around one hundred and seventy pounds, about five feet, ten inches high. He had a black moustache, had black hair. Porter says that he was seen walking with a slight limp, due to injuries to his leg some time ago. They also have learned that he has been using a cane to assist him in walking since he has been in Frankfort.

Fight On North Main Street

The fight occurred in the alley between the Barnhart cafe and the Rogers' cigar store, on North Main street. Hamilton fell, mortally wounded, his body prone on the pavement of the alley intersection. Barbee dragged himself to the American Shining Parlor. Ambulances took both men to the hospital, but Hamilton was dead. Jones, who escaped westward down the alley, is not thought to have been wounded, although Officer Zook says that he staggered as he was running.

Hamilton fired one shot from his gun before he fell. The lead nosed bullet which took his life, struck him on a level with his left nostril and ranged to the left, lodging just under the skull at the base of the left ear. He never uttered a sound after being struck.

The gun fire broke instantaneously and bullets from the rapid firer in the hands of Jones spattered against the buildings on the opposite side of the street. Others struck machines a block away on Columbia street. Police say Jones was standing about fifteen or twenty feet down the alley, facing eastward,

as he fired. The police were at the alley intersection.

Once Went to Penal Farm

Although Jones was sentenced to the state penal farm from the Clinton circuit court about two years ago, he has not been around Frankfort to any extent in recent months, it is understood. Police have received the information that he has been residing in Chicago, operating a garage.

Knowing that Jones was in town, and wanting him for questioning, the three policemen located him in the Rogers' cigar store last night. Previously they had found his machine parked on Morrison street and searching it, found an empty leather gun holster, they state.

The three policemen entered the store, Zook and Hamilton walking back to where Jones was engaged in conversation with William Obermiller and a man named Dean. On request of Zook that he accompany them to the police station, Jones is said to have nodded assent and turned and started towards the door. Zook and Hamilton were close behind. Green states that as Jones passed him he put out his hand and said, "hello Orville."

Darts Out Door

According to Zook, as Jones reached the door he darted out and turned west into the alley. It is but a few feet to the alley from the door and Zook says as he reached the corner of the building bullets began spitting from a gun in Jones' hand. Zook emptied his gun at Jones and as he was doing it, one of the bullets sped by his head, striking Hamilton in the face. Green was at the corner of the building, as he was the last of the trio to emerge from the cigar store into the street.

Unconfirmed reports are that Jones ran west to Columbia street where machines were parked on a vacant lot south of the heating plant and attempted to commandeer a car in which a woman was sitting, left it and attempted to start a second car, being unsuccessful in this he finally escaped in a small coupe.

A few minutes after the fatal shooting police learned on the investigation, that Jones' car had been moved from the parking space on Morrison street. Officers are at sea as to whether Jones circled around and finally reached his own machine or whether it was driven away by a friend. A car was reported stolen at the police station, the owner saying he parked it near the heating plant at 9:30 o'clock, but this time set it as too late to have been the one in which it is thought Jones made his freedom break.

Friends Questioned

Throughout the night friends of Jones were brought to police court and questioned as to their knowledge of Jones and his habits within the past year and a half. All were released with the exception of "Mike" Bowser, who was ordered locked up for further questioning.

Immediately following the fight, police officials were notified in all cities of the middle west in an effort to apprehend Jones. The shooting affray was also broadcast from

Indianapolis and Chicago radio stations. Police learned of a number of possible addresses where he might be found in Chicago, if headed that way and asked the authorities of both Hammond and Chicago to assist in his capture.

Reputed Pistol Shot

Claud Dean, residing on Route 3, just east of the city limits, told police last night, when questioned, that Jones came to his home about six o'clock yesterday evening and while there showed him an eight shot, automatic revolver. Prosecutor Adams, who conducted an investigation throughout the night, said that he believed that "dumdum" bullets were used. He has an empty shell fired from Jones' gun which was picked up in the alley. It was .45 calibre, center fire. Friends of Jones say that he is an expert pistol shot and that they have seen him drive a tack into the wall with a pistol bullet from thirty and forty paces.

So far as known, Jones has no police record in the city court other than that of two years ago when arrested on the charge of tire theft. This case at that time was taken to the circuit court and he was sentenced to six months on the state farm at Putnamville. A friend of Jones told the prosecutor last night that he might be heading for Chicago, as he had said that he was going back next Wednesday. In the time that Jones has been in Frankfort on this last trip, he is said to have driven a Columbian touring car, carrying Illinois license numbers 271-285.

Was In World Wars

Amos Hamilton, the dead officer, had spent practically his entire life in the county. His mother died when he was young, and he is said to have been reared by an aunt, residing near Fickle Station. He became a member of the Frankfort police force two years ago, and was a courageous and efficient officer. He was an ex-service man and spent almost two years in overseas service in the infantry and saw active duty, spending forty days in the front line trenches. He went through some of the hardest fighting and was gassed twice. He was with John Redmon when the latter was decorated for bravery. He was married and the father of two small children, a boy and a girl, 8 and 10 years of age. His father resides in Houston, Texas.

After Coroner Carlyle had conducted an inquest, Hamilton's body was removed to Goodwin funeral home where it was prepared for burial. No arrangements for the funeral have been made.

The physician who attended to Barbee at the hospital stated that his right leg was badly shattered about three inches above the ankle and that the wound was of a serious nature. Barbee was walking south on Main street at the time he was wounded.

PREMONITION

Amos "Slim" Hamilton, who died in the line of duty last night, might have had a premonition that such was to be his lot in life. At least, his conversation with friends in the past few weeks now lead them to believe that the tall, jovial, likeable fellow often thought of what might be. Not so long ago, while conversing with the prosecutor in the police station, he intimated that some of these days he might "get his". He took his position as an officer of the law seriously realizing at all times the danger involved of being a law enforcer.

But a week ago, when in conversation with a friend, also an ex-service man, "Slim" remarked, when asked why he didn't go to a larger city and apply for a position on the police force: "No, I am satisfied here. If I get mine, I will get it here at home with my gun in the hand."

Yesterday morning, in commenting on the untimely death of Leo K. Fox, an officer shot down in Hammond on Thursday, "Slim" said, "Well, in this game a fellow never knows who is going to be the next."